

THE
Country Parson's Advice
TO THOSE
LITTLE SCRIBBLERS,

Who pretend to Write better Sense than

Great Secretaries :

O R,

Mr. Stephens's *Triumph over the PILLORY.*

Upon Jacobson Harbo. 11. May. 1706.

BE Wife as *Addison*, as *Brown* be Brave,
As *Phillips* Airy, and as *Jones* look Grave;
Humble as *Prior* be; *Sachev'rell's* Zeal,
For Church and Loyalty, will fit you Well:
Like *Pittis*, I wou'd have you love the Church,
But not like him, be by her left i'th' Lurch.
For the well-governing your Poetry,
Rymer and *Dennis*, let your Patterns be:
And if it be at last your Scribbling Fate
To Triumph o'er a Pill'ry, e'er too late,
Like me Recant, and be not Obstinate.

Remember *Tutchin's* Boldness for his Cause,
That stood the fiery Tryal of the Laws.

When

When *sneaking* *Scriblers* poorly sue for Grace,
 He *Triumphs* o'er 'em with an *Honest* Face.
 So *Ridpath* smiles at all *Fate's* harsh Decrees,
 But can't be pleas'd, when forc'd to pay his *Fees*.
 When *Parchment-Rolls*, like murd'ring War appears,
Libels, that raise the trembling *Poet's* Fears,
 And set Mankind together by the Ears.
 These to avoid, in dull Translation Trade,
Bowyer, and *Savage*, and *Old Mixon* read;
 Or deal in News, and write whate'er you will,
 But mind you *Scribe* on the *right Side* still:
 Then you may *Letters* from *Altea* bring,
 If like *Fontville*, 'tis with a just Design
 To please the Government, or serve the Queen.

So writes *D' Foe*, an Author now in Vogue,
 Who was so lately Pill'ry'd for a *Rogue*;
 Therefore let his Example, yours be made;
 Neither of *Fines*, or *Pillories*, be afraid.
Lesly writes on, and *Gildon* still is free,
 To laugh at *Ward*, for writing Poetry;
 Whose Prose escapes the Censure of the Times,
 And Informations fall on jingling Rimes.
 To sum up all; let *Drake's* just Merit be
 A Caution to Poetick Liberty.
 Since *Ward's* true Genius, and since *Gildon's* Sense,
 At last has brought them to a Dearth of Pence,
 'Tis hard their Learning, and each Turn of Wit,
 Should only make them for this *Triumph* fit.

F I N I S.